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## ENGLISH POETRY.

## THE PRAISE OF MADAWG\*.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM BY GWALCHMAI.

A PRINCE I sing, whose teeming boards contain  
 Rich horns of gold, who lives the foeman's bane,  
     In skill supremely bright,  
     His people's shield and might,  
     The age's proud delight,  
     With steel of furious flame!  
 Yes, Britain owns thy sway,  
 Friend of the bardic lay,  
 And blended e'er be they—  
     Thy country and thy fame!  
 To farthest climes hath flown  
 Thy worth, thy high renown;  
 Thy might, as Arthur's grown,  
     With Medrawd's skill arrayed!  
 Madawg, of mind so fair,  
 Maredudd's splendid heir,  
 Let cowards, with despair,  
     Crouch to thy matchless blade.

Never shone fitter charms than grace thyself,  
 Thou, who as dross e'er deem'st the hoarded pelf!  
     Madawg, of eagle-course,  
     Who of thy ample lands  
 Ne'er gavest aught to force,  
     Nor fear of hostile bands!

Sooner thy foes a sandless shore may see  
 Than from thy chast'ning arm and vengeance flee:  
     Nor rival e'er may claim  
     To match thy generous fame,  
     'Mong those of Christian name,  
     With faith and fortune bless'd.

\* This poem by Gwalchmai, of whom notices have appeared in the former pages of this work, was addressed to Madawg ab Maredudd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powys from 1133 to 1159. It evidently wants the fire, that pervades the poet's other productions, but is not without its merit as an encomiastic ode.—L.D.

Such may not now be seen,  
 Nor, haply, e'er hath been,  
 Nor in time's round, I ween,  
 Shall one be so caressed;  
 Till Cynan come, in fairest virtue bright,  
 And great Cadwaladr, of every tribe the might\*.

\* \* \*

### LINES

WRITTEN FOR RECITAL AT THE LATE  
 ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION †.

*Redeunt Saturnia regna.*—VIRG.

WHO, that hath strayed near Tyber's ancient stream,  
 Rapt into visions of some classic dream,  
 Musing, perchance, on some long-vanished age,  
 Bright with the fame of hero and of sage,  
 Haply on that, when Genius, all refin'd,  
 Triumph'd in Cæsar's sword or Tully's mind;  
 'Till now the wanderer, waking from his trance,  
 Throws o'er the altered scene his rapid glance,  
 And eyes each mouldering fane, each prostrate dome,  
 The gorgeous wreck of all that once was Rome:—  
 Who, that hath lost himself in dreams like this,  
 Hath never long'd to realize the bliss,  
 Hath never wish'd, that some enchanter's pow'r  
 Might from the past redeem the splendid hour,  
 When Roman arts and Roman genius gave  
 Their mingled triumph, Tyber, to thy wave?

Yet lives not Rome, as in her mightiest day,  
 Still in th' historian's page and poet's lay?  
 Lives not, as ever lived, th' Horatian lyre,  
 And all its strings e'er caught of Grecian fire:—  
 Blooms not the Mantuan muse in all her charms,  
 Chaunting her rural themes or feats of arms,

\* The two concluding lines contain the substance of repeated predictions by Merddin and other ancient bards.—See p. 262 of the present volume, where an instance occurs of their use by Merddin. Their adoption here appears somewhat strange, as both Cynan and Cadwaladr must have been long anterior to Gwalchmai's time.—ED.

† These lines, which were intended to be read at the late Anniversary of the Cymmrodorion, are inserted here, not on account of any particular merit they possess, but because they seem applicable to the occasion, for which they were written.